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Nineteen Hundred and Five

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MISS THERESA M. OTTO

To Miss Theresa M. Otto this book
is dedicated, in no spirit of formality,
but with a proper appreciation.

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THE FACULTY.

In Memoriam.



Frank Adrian Allen

A student of the Class of Nineteen Hundred
and Seven.

Died in San Francisco, April 4, 1905.



Howard Ellsworth Nachtrieb

A student of the Class of Nineteen Hundred
and Six.

Died in San Francisco, April 8, 1905.

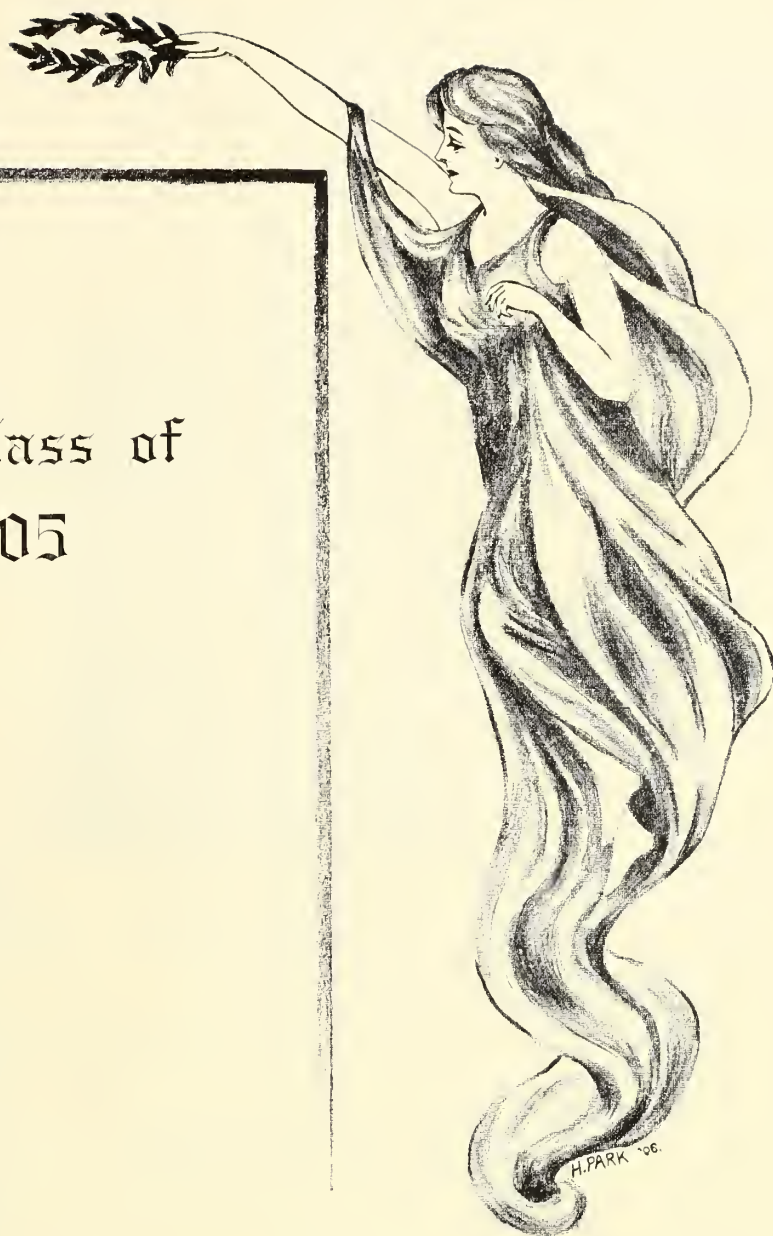


William H. Hollis

Instructor in Chemistry.

Died in San Francisco, May 6, 1905.

The Class of
1905





FRED W. JACKMAN.

Class Officers.

President, FRED W. JACKMAN.

Vice-President, ADELE C. WINCHELL.

Treasurer, MURTHA P. BASSETT.

Secretary, JOS. E. HILL.

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- Freeman Wate Bowley*,San Francisco
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- Edward Robert Bulpitt*,Bishop, Inyo Co., Cal.
Course 4.
- Chauncey Theodore Carr*,San Francisco
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- Isabelle M. Caubn*,San Francisco
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- Donald William Day*,San Francisco
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- Wellington E. Draper*,San Francisco
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- Joseph Dexter Enas*,Napa, Cal.
Course 6.
- Herbert Wilson Erskine*,San Francisco
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- Ernest Howard Esher*,San Diego, Cal.
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- Walter Irving Garms*,San Francisco
Course 11, Track Team (3) (4).
- Guido Oscar de Ghetaldi*,San Francisco
Course 4, Football Team (4).

- Henry Stephen Glackin*,.....San Francisco
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- Josephine C. B. Girot*,.....San Francisco
Course 9, Arrangement Committee Christmas Dance.
- Heurica M. Hansen*,.....San Francisco
Course 9.
- Minne Harris*,.....San Francisco
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- Joseph Edward Hill*,.....San Francisco
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- Walter Jacob Hund*,.....Ross Valley, Cal.
Course 11, Camera Club.
- Sam Lightner Hyma*,.....San Francisco
Course 11.
- Frederick Elton Irving*,.....San Francisco
Course 11, Arrangement Committee Christmas Dance.
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Course 4.
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(3) (4).

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Course 4.

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Committee Senior Ball.

Edward Poorman,..... Alameda, Cal.
Course 11, Josh Editor of Tiger (4), Arrangement Committee Senior Ball.

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Theodore C. A. Reisc,.....San Francisco
Course 4.

Edwin Allan Rogers,.....San Francisco
Course 11, Track Team (4) Basket-ball Team, (3) (4), Manager of
Team (4), Baseball Team (4), Chairman Arrangement Committee Christ-
mas Dance.

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Course 6, Camera Club.

Emil Alexander Rotger,.....San Francisco
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Course 1.

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Baseball Team (4), Arrangement Committee Senior Ball.

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Course 4.

Henry Emanuel Stone,.....San Francisco
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Course 12, Camera Club.

Gustave Trost,San Francisco
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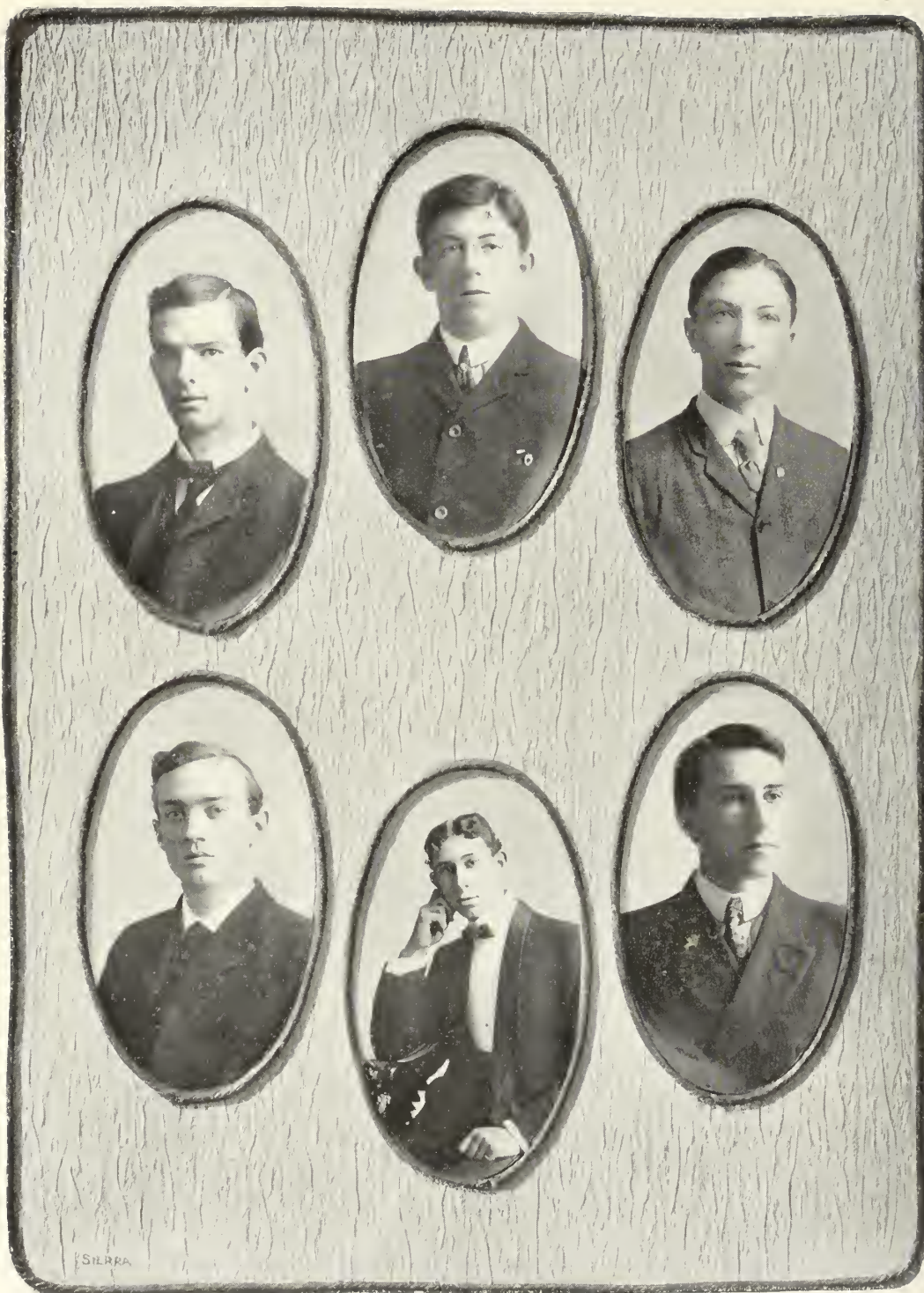


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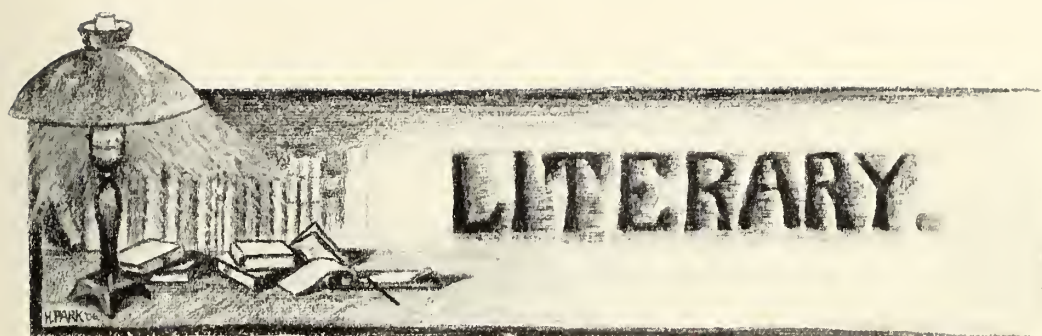
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E. Poorman



In Death Valley.

W. I. Garms, 1905.

For a month George Senson and myself had been at Yuma preparing ourselves for the undertaking of a prospecting trip into the valley, as we had heard tales of fabulous wealth. During this time we had taken many long trips into the surrounding country, acquainting ourselves with the lay of the land, as well as learning the characteristics of the Indians whom we expected to see on our journey.

On the twenty-sixth of March we struck off, with our six burros laden with water and supplies, on the trail toward the valley. All went well for the first two weeks and water was found by digging a little below the surface, good enough for the burros to drink. We then reached a wide shallow river, swift in its course, which seemed to shift its very bed while we crossed it. Here we took a little rest and refilled the water casks.

On April the eleventh, we entered the true valley, where the surface of the sand, broken into an infinite number of particles by the action of the heat, slipped from beneath our feet and made rapid progress impossible.

On April the thirteenth, my companion thought he saw a herd of cattle or something approaching in the distance. I looked and perceived that the sand was disturbed for a distance of about a quarter of a mile. But the disturbance approached too quickly for that raised by cattle, and, noticing this, I knew we were to have a taste of a Death Valley sand storm. I had not time to tell Senson what it was when, with a swish and a sound as of tearing canvas, the storm was upon us. The sand whirled along in one continuous cloud, preventing us

from seeing in which direction we were going; and yet the sun beat fiercely through its density and seemed to gain intensity by the contact. We tied our bandannas around our faces, but the heat pierced them and parched our lips and throats until in desperation we attacked the water kegs and drank. The burros stood quietly by with lowered ears and firm-set feet awaiting the end of the storm. Soon the leader put up an ear and then as if by design the others did the same. In a few more minutes the storm was past. The burros knew it and started forward.

It was as if we had stepped into a Paradise. The air seemed cool and exhilarating and we moved along on our journey. Three days passed and then the question of a water supply became serious. We had calculated on reaching the Indian village of Hia Cochi on the nineteenth, and here we were, with two more days of travel, falling short of water. On the evening of the seventeenth we drank our last drop and gave the burros each a handful of wheat instead of water. Then from sheer exhaustion we fell asleep.

On the morning of the eighteenth we awoke somewhat refreshed and immediately pressed forward. All the horrors of the desert seemed to be combined against us, when at noon we came to a place where a freshet once had cut a furrow in the sand. We began to dig with the strength of desperation. At a depth of a few feet the sand became damp and we renewed our efforts with rising courage. The burros looked knowingly on; but, alas, further down the sand was dry again. Despair seized upon us, but we tried to take courage and pressed the damp sand to our parched lips and threw

up shovelfuls to our faithful beasts. We lay in the hole and covered ourselves with the sand. After a few hours we climbed out again and found our animals as we had left them. But, to our horror, which was increased by our condition, we found one dead. As I looked far over the waste area, thirst, weariness, and compassion for the wrong we were doing these poor beasts overcame me. Even in the distance was no sign of the haven we expected to reach. Clouds came up and we stripped the dead beast and held the skin to catch the promised rain. But the clouds passed without shedding a single drop. We struggled on wearily a few more yards and then fell off into a long sleep.

On the morning of the nineteenth we awoke with a still greater thirst. We started the burros off on their way and dragged ourselves laboriously after them. My muscles seemed paralyzed and I fell behind. George whispered that he would try and get help. After an hour's rest, I followed the footprints of the burros and late in the afternoon came upon George lying flat on the sand between two of the animals. I crawled up to him and lay by his side. We stared into each other's eyes, and then all memories of former good times we had together flitted visibly before my eyes. We hardly had strength to stretch the hide of the dead burro between the two animals lying in the sand. Again we tried to rest from the terrible sun.

As the sun was sinking I revived and found myself somewhat strengthened. I awoke George and told him our only hope

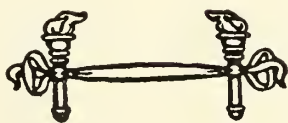
was to push on. We struggled forward with innumerable interruptions until about midnight. George looked dreadfully giddy and confused. I encouraged him to come along but he hissed out that he had not the strength. We could go no farther. How we got our clothes off I could not tell. We buried ourselves in the sand and slept, a sleep what seemed to us the sleep of death.

All sorts of dreams pervaded my mind during the terrible night and at last, when I was in the middle of what savored of pleasant times, I was rudely awakened by my companion. The sun was just coming up. He grabbed me by the shoulder and, with a blank stare and moving lips, pointed toward the west. I followed his gaze. A thrill of joy came over me and I fell off into oblivion. I revived—not more than three miles off stood the village of Hia Cochi with its few huts outlined against the sky. We struggled joyously forward. At the end of an hour we were in a crowd of black, dirty Indians, who seemed as angels to our frenzied minds.

For three weeks we lay on the natives' blankets feeding on goat's milk once every two days, and mutton stew, morning, noon and night. It was a Paradise to us after our terrible experience.

On May the twelfth the Indians left the town of Hai Cochi for their summer residence eight miles from Yuma and we went along.

However, Death Valley has had no further attractions for us and we never again attempted to rob it of its golden hoard.



The Class of '83.

S. L. Hyman, 1905.

"Jolly boating weather,
And a hay harvest breeze,
Blade on the 'feather,'
Shade off the trees,
Swing, swing together
With your backs between your knees,
Swing, swing together
With your backs between your knees."

Night had long since descended upon us. The only sounds that broke the stillness were the dashing of the water against the banks of the river and the almost faint whisper of the college boating song, which became more distinct as gusts of wind swept by us. We were sitting on the steps of our hall, as we had done many an evening before, and above us the lights which one could see through the window were going out one by one. A window would be slammed or a whistle of some person would be recognized by a chum in an adjoining building and would be answered by either a whistle in the same tune or by repeating the last few notes.

"Good night, Jerome," came from a window, accompanied by a glass of water. We turned our heads in surprise and now fastened our eyes upon the windows above us. I got up and walked to the center of the road and, drawing my handkerchief from my pocket, I wiped the water from my back. The house was dark, not a light could be seen through the windows. The college was asleep. I turned to go back to my friend and as I came closer he looked up at me with an expression of sorrow; he then leaned his head on his hand and seemed deep in thought.

I had never seen him this way before. It was quite unnatural. He was always singing, smiling and ready to get into a

conversation; in fact he was the jolliest of all the boys. I dared not disturb him, for he was a few years my senior and was almost a father to me. Without changing his position he spoke as if he was answering his own thoughts rather than addressing me:

"I have allowed the evil to get a strong grasp, without the slightest resistance on my part. I blame myself, for I have not given enough attention to the vow I made my father. Before he died I promised him to take care of my mother and sister." He rose as if to go, but slipped his arm through mine and we walked up to our room together. He sank in a heap on his bed and drew me down beside him and, unbuttoning his coat, he drew out a letter marked. "Bilton, Warwick, England." With a sigh he handed me the letter and bade me read. The envelope was marked—

Mr. Jerome Fielding,
Balliol College,
England.

I drew the letter from the envelope and noticed it was written in a great hurry. "Read it aloud, Bill," he said, and I obeyed his wish.

Bilton, Warwick,
March 7, 1883.

My Dear Brother:—Suffering has laid a

heavy hand upon us and I have prayed, but all in vain. The house has been mortgaged, for we have not received any money of late from you to pay the interest which is long overdue.

Mother is very sick and possibly will die before you receive this letter; God grant that this may not happen, for I would dread being alone, so, dear brother, hasten home with all speed, for we need your help. I am weak and grief will drive me from my home. With all my heart I wish you comfort on your journey home. I am,

Your devoted sister,

Rosalie.

I folded the letter and handed it to him. A tear ran down my cheek but I wiped it away with my hand. He had stretched himself full length on the bed and was sobbing like a child. I laid my hand upon him and said, "Jerome, old boy, I'm sorry, very sorry for you."

He sat up and addressed me. "Bill, old boy, I can't stand it any longer. The very thought of them drives me mad. I'm going to leave college tomorrow and take the nine-thirty train; that is the evening one, for it will bring me home the next morning about half past ten. I'm going to fight this through like a man."

"You had better let the boat crew know that you are going."

"No, I won't do it."

"But you ought to."

"I can't."

"Why?"

"Because—I simply can't."

"Why are you ashamed to?"

"Perhaps I am ashamed, because I have been very weak."

"Now listen, Jerome; you have made your place on the college crew and I don't think it is anything but proper that you let them know that you are going. Tell them your mother is very sick and you have to leave college tomorrow. I don't think that's very hard to do."

After this little discussion he sat down and wrote out a few lines on a piece of monogram paper and handed it to me.

"Bill, old chap, will you please drop this letter in the mail-box at the boathouse and while you are away I will pack. Did you notice the paper I was writing on? It was some of this, which shows my extravagance," said he, lifting from the drawer of his desk a handful of college paper.

It took me a little while to get back, for it was no short walk to the boathouse. When I returned I found him in the same mood.

Hardly had I closed the door when he started again. "I have been a brute. When my father died I promised to take care of the family. I did, yes I did for a little while. I wanted to go to college and my mother, the dear old soul, let me enter, not thinking of herself, but only of how I should get along in this world. Here I am, living like a prince compared to them, running around with the club boys and spending money as though it was no object."

While he was telling me this, I was preparing for bed, for I was very tired, and he followed my example. We said "Good-night." It took me a long while to fall asleep, for I was thinking of him. I woke up late the next morning and I found that he had taken his pictures from the walls and was all ready to leave.

"Jerome," said I, "why don't you give lessons? You can play the piano, can't you?"

"Yes."

"You could teach Greek and Latin, and you were always good in mathematics."

"Well, and what else?"

"Why, you can ride, swim, box, fence, and I think you could coach a football team. You certainly could make some money by doing one of these things."

"I'll think it over."

Driving down to the station we passed one of the club houses. The shades were up and the boys were all gathered

around a piano. They were singing the Boating Song, but this time they were on the last verse. Jerome laid his head on my shoulder and sobbed. Loud the clear voices rang:

"Others will fill our places,
Dressed in the well known hue,
We'll recollect our races,
We'll to the flag be true.
And youth will still be in our faces
When we cheer for the old-time crew,
And youth will still be in our faces
When we cheer for the old-time crew."

He straightened himself and said:
"Bill, I'm going to turn over a new leaf.
I'll fight this through like a man."

We arrived at the station in plenty of time and I bought him his ticket. I helped him bring his baggage to the train and after giving him a good hearty shake I left him. He stood on the back platform of the car and as it drew out he called, "Good by, old boy, remember me to the fellows. Don't say I am a brute." I watched the train until it grew like a dot in the distance and then turned toward my buggy. I jumped in quickly and drove towards the Hall. The night was hot and not a leaf stirred on the trees. A throng of college boys were idling on the edge of the sidewalk. One of them whistled to me but I paid no attention and drove on. I tied my horse in front of the Hall and ran up stairs. My heart was thumping fast and a feeling of loneliness stole over me as I walked into my room.

Days went by, but I received no letter, not even a postal card from him. I had written twice and each time my letter was returned.

College closed, and after receiving my diploma, I came back to America. I soon went into business with my father and succeeded in making a fortune for myself. One morning I picked up one of the daily papers, and I saw, to my great surprise, that ten of the graduates of my class were in New York. I concluded to give a reunion of the class of '83. I announced it

in several of the newspapers so that they all could see it, and besides I wrote them invitations stating that I would give a reunion and would be glad to receive them at the Hotel Savoy.

On that evening I arrived early at the hotel and was ready to greet my old classmates. They came in one by one and we were merrily renewing old acquaintances. One of the party held back from the crowd, and seemed to be constantly looking at me. One of the boys, for boys they were yet, sat down at the piano and after running his fingers across the key board, played the first few chords of the "Boating Song." We sang it with all the vigor of old, and as we came to the last verse our lonely companion stepped up to the crowd and with a loud but full voice helped us finish. When the music stopped he walked to the window and looked out. I walked up to him and I noticed he was singing in an undertone—

"Twenty years hence, this weather
May tempt us from our office stools,
We may be slow on the 'feather,'
And seem to the boys 'old fools,'
But we'll still swing together
And swear by the best of schools,
And we'll still swing together
And swear by the best of schools."

I waited until he had finished and I touched him on the shoulder, and he turned abruptly around and looked me straight in the face.

"May I ask who you are?" said I.

"Look at me, Will, don't you know me?"

"Really, I have been looking at you ever since you came into this room and I surely cannot place you."

"Sit down and I will tell you all you want to know. Do you remember a boy, a very weak boy, one who made a fool of himself in college, one big fool, Jerome Fielding? Well, that fool, but a wiser fool, is here in New York, and right here," he said, pointing to himself.

I delightedly shook his hand, and then

inquired after his people. He said his mother was still living and that he came from the country to meet his old school-mates.

Turning to my guests, who were watching me, I said, "Boys, you all remember Jerome Fielding, who left us at college? Well, he has come back to us once more, and he's just as full of jokes and laughter as when he was with us twenty years ago."

After supper we all mingled together and each one told some story that related to their college days. After the boys had gone, Jerome started to sing again, but I stopped him and said, "Jerome, would you mind telling me what you did after you left college?"

"Why certainly. When I left you, I went home to find my mother sick. The house was mortgaged, and the doctor said mother needed rest. I took your advice, but we moved to London, and there I opened a school where I prepared students for college. Mother was better, but not well, and the doctor told me that we would have to leave England. I sold my school and took my family to America, where we have been living the last sixteen years. Will, old boy, I want you to come home with me and see my mother. She would like to see you, and besides my wife would like you to meet your namesake, William Clayton Fielding."



On Pacific Heights.

Ludwig Rosenstein, 1905.

Like a celestial mantle,
The soft October mist
Enshrouded the reservation,
So late by the hot sun kissed;
Lights commenced to twinkle
In the barracks far below,
And the sweet notes of a bugle
Came from the Presidio.

Thus sitting and dreaming romance,
All Nature in sweet repose,
I thought that Heaven on Earth had come.
When hark! Like an evil spirit, flows
The sound of drunken laughter
And carousing from beneath,
Shattering the evening stillness,
Transforming repose to grief.

An Unfinished Yarn.

W. E. Draper, 1905.

There was hardly a ripple on the water as the great ship lay, a couple of miles off from the light house, awaiting the approach of the pilot to guide her safely into the harbor. The deck was crowded with people, all eagerly watching the pilot boat as it steadily drew nearer. I was close up to the rail with my camera, and, as the little boat gracefully described a semicircle and came up broadside of us, I took a snap-shot of it. Just as I pressed the lever a voice from behind me sung out:

"Hey there, kid, you'd better sink that outfit before the pilot sees it."

"What for?" I said, turning around and recognizing the intruder as Duffy, our second engineer.

"You'll — soon find out if you attempt to take that thing ashore with you tomorrow. I got into a hell of a scrap last trip for photographing some of those brown devils."

"How was that?" I questioned.

"Oh, that's quite a long story. I've got to go to my feed now, but if you meet me up forward this evening I'll tell you about it."

When I came on deck that evening, I found Duffy seated on a large coil of rope peacefully smoking his pipe and gazing absent-mindedly over the few scattered lights of the city. The vessel was practically deserted, as all the passengers and the crew off watch had gone ashore, so he and I were alone. As I sat down beside him he began:

"I was always somewhat of a camera fiend and, while on our last trip here, I made up my mind to have some pictures of Japan, although I knew that photographing was prohibited and that on account of the war the authorities were

especially particular about it. I always took great pleasure in doing what I hadn't ought to, so I set to work to devise a scheme to evade the authorities. I was sitting in my room on my bunk thinking the thing over and was just about to give it up as a bad job when "Typhon," my room-mate, came in and said:

"Look what I got to take home for my kid brother." With that he took from a brown cardboard box one of those carved skulls and placed the empty box on the shelf where my camera stood. I had one of these little Bull's Eye cameras and, as he put the box beside it, a scheme flashed through my mind.

"I paid no attention to his remarks or to his skull, but said, 'I'm going to photograph the town tomorrow. Do you want to come along?'"

"'The devil you are,' he said. 'You'll be in the lockup before you get ashore.'"

"At that moment the chief called him out and I at once set to work to put my scheme into execution. I took down the box he had just brought in and slipped my camera into it. I couldn't have wanted a better fit. Why! it fitted like porous plaster. I now took the camera out again and carefully cut a hole in one end of the box just large enough for the lens of the camera to show through. In the other end I cut another hole opposite the little red window in the back of the camera. In the cover of the box I cut a little slot for the lever which operates the shutter, and also a hole for inserting the key to wind up the spool. When everything was in good working order I did up the box with a stout cord so that this cord concealed the holes I had made. When Typhon came back I showed him how I was going to photograph Naga-

saki. As he had his shore leave the next day, he said he'd go along with me and see the fun.

"The following morning I went down the gangway about seven o'clock with my little brown cardboard box in my hand. Typhon hailed one of the sampans and we were ferried ashore. As we landed at the foot of a stone stairway we were met by a couple of dozen "riksha" boys. We chose the two huskiest of the bunch and were soon in the midst of the city. The little narrow streets were lined on either side with shops and bazaars, flags were flying from all the buildings and everything seemed in holiday attire.

"After a few minutes' ride the coolies drew up in front of the immense bronze gate of the Shinto shrine, where we left them and entered the grounds. We passed up several flights of stone stairs, through three more large gates and found ourselves in a rectangular court flanked on all four sides by long low buildings with those gabled roofs so peculiar to Japanese architecture. Passing through one of the buildings, we came out on the other side in front of the temple. While we stood here two Japanese soldiers came up and kneeling before the altar, clapped their hands three times and began to chant what we supposed to be a prayer. Seeing no one around but the two soldiers before the idol, I thought this a good opportunity to secure my first picture. I held the box firmly in position with my left hand, and with the forefinger of my right pulled the cord to one side of the lens, and with my thumb shoved the lever over. I then took the key from my pocket and turned the next film into position.

"Leaving the temple we ascended the hill to the summit, where we obtained some excellent views of the harbor and surrounding country. On our way back, we stopped at a tea house and had some refreshments served up in genuine oriental style by pretty little Japanese girls.

"We finally got back to the 'rikshas and were soon in the midst of the city again. Presently, as the coolies rounded a corner, we came upon a detachment of soldiers marching toward the waterfront. A large crowd of civilians followed in their wake with flags and long banners rigged upon bamboo poles. We fell in behind and followed them down to the water. I sat in the riksha with my camera on my knees and just as a launch-load of them were pulling out for the transport lying in the stream, I photographed them.

"After watching the soldiers depart, the coolies set off again down the road, and in a short time drew up at the railroad station. We left them again and Typhon went up to the little window to buy some tickets, but could not make the agent understand where he wanted to go. A young man who could speak a little English now stepped up and volunteered his services. After explaining to him what we wanted, he bought our tickets and the three of us boarded the train together. I noticed that he examined us rather closely, but did not think anything about it at the time because we were the only whites on the train. After an hour's ride along the bay, through tunnels and beautiful little valleys, all planted with rice fields, we arrived at Ishaya. Here our friend left us and we walked down the track until we struck a path leading off through a rice field. We followed this for about a quarter of a mile and came to the ruins of an old temple. We took a photograph of this and started back for the railroad. We just missed a train so we set out to see what we could of the town. Walking down the road we came upon a company of soldiers who had been marching to Nagasaki but were now resting in the shade of the houses. Their guns were stacked on the roadside, and when we came up, Typhon, being a curious kind of a duck, picked up one of them and began to examine it. An officer now stepped up and motioned him to put down the gun. Typhon began to jolly

him and as the two of them stood there gesticulating, I snapped them.

"At that moment our friend who had bought our tickets for us came out of a house from across the way and spoke to the officer. The officer then let loose some Japanese and six soldiers appeared. Our friend then informed us that we were under arrest and told me to hand over my camera. I saw it would be useless to resist so I reluctantly turned it over to him. Well, those six brown devils escorted us to the station, and when the train came in turned us over to the police.

On the way back the train stopped at a small town and there on a sidetrack we saw a carload of prisoners clad in a dark brown garb and bound together in groups of fours with stout rope. As we saw these poor wretches we wondered what our fate would be when we arrived back in Nagasaki."

At this point in his story Duffy was interrupted by the mellow tones of the ship's bell and he stopped to count them.

"Eight bells," he said. "I'm going on watch."



A Deal in Horses.

George Howson, 1905.

I arrived at Willow Point late the night before, after a long dusty ride across miles of plains and rolling hills, covered with sagebrush as far as the eye could see. The morning air was crisp and cool. The sun was just looking up over the eastern horizon. Cow-punchers on rugged horses are leaving the house, the only one within nine miles, and riding away to the southwest.

I had made the acquaintance of the young man who had driven me up from the train the night before, but he regarded me with more pity than friendship, somewhat as an old sailor looks at a new fellow going to ship to sea.

As I was standing and looking about at my new surroundings and wondering how I should occupy my two weeks' vacation with my old friend Captain Ford, I noticed my guide of the night before riding towards me. He reined up his pony with a jerk, and I thought the laws of inertia surely did not hold good in the State of Nevada.

"Good morning," I tried cheerfully to say, but I think it was a failure, as my

friend seemed so distant. Slowly he bit off a chew of tobacco, spit a couple of times and finally said:

"Morning. That air gove'ment man is coming round here this evenin' and we're going to sell him some horses, leastwise try to. Like to ride over to the corral and see the fun? There's a gentle horse at the barn for you."

I didn't know what to say but managed to get out a "yes," for I wanted to see the fun if there was going to be any.

I followed him around to the barn and found a little sorrel mare already saddled for me, and I stepped up to climb on.

"You're gettin' on the wrong side, pardner."

I was embarrassed, for both sides looked alike to me and I could see no handle or steps up on the other side. However, I managed to climb into the "pilot house," but if the nag hadn't have been the gentlest thing in Nevada, I would not be writing this now.

"All set?" he asked and started off at a gallop over the barren waste, with my sorrel following along behind. Soon we

reached the summit of a low range and below us lay a broad valley, one of hundreds in the West. Then I noticed a cloud of dust and I could make out men riding this way and that among a herd of wild, frightened horses.

"The round-up's over, we're late," my strange companion answered to one of my numerous questions about what was going on.

The men were swearing fluently as one of the wilder or more ambitious of the horses made a dash for liberty. My companion left me and closed the big log gate behind him, leaving me on the outside. The men were singling out several horses from the bunch. A rope was quickly thrown about the forelegs of a horse near me and Mr. Horse was soon on the ground. He was then quickly saddled and blindfolded. He was cinched up till I thought he must certainly have all his breath crushed out. Then he was allowed to stand and Jim—I had learned my friend's name by chance—swung himself quickly into the saddle. Reaching around, he snatched off the blind.

That horse's eyes were white. He gave one look back at the man on his back and started, not to walk, but with his head between his forelegs, his back humped, and jumping stiff-legged, as a goat might jump from one stepping stone to another. Finding the man still there, he commenced to bellow. But now this performance was going on in half a dozen places within the inclosure.

Several hours passed and it was noon. We were wending our way home with a dozen half-dead but not half-broken bronchos. They had been ridden all morning but nothing but exhaustion quieted them. "They'll do for gentle

three-year-olds even if they were foaled eight years ago," Jim remarked.

"Yes, I suppose so, but what of that?" I inquired.

"We're going to let that government man have 'em." I did not feel it my business to inquire further so I rode on in silence and we were soon at the house.

A tall, slender young man of about thirty was watching our approach. He wore a pair of light gray riding pants with leather leggings and a short coat. One could readily see he was an Englishman, who ought to have been in old "Lonnon" instead of the wilds of Nevada.

"And you say you've got some likely-looking three-year-olds; we don't take anything over four, don't you know. Must weigh eight hundred, and sound as a dollar."

"Yes, here they are, three and four-year-olds, and in perfect condition."

By this time the thirteen ragged-looking beasts were standing in a circle.

"Um, their coats look bad. Have they been sleeping out?"

"Yes, lately;" this with a wink at the boys who knew "lately" meant the last six or eight years.

"All broken, I suppose. Of course the government doesn't want any wild horses in South Africa."

But now the bedraggled, tired nags were willing to be saddled, all but one. The rest were duly ridden to the satisfaction of the English horse-buyer, who paid one hundred and fifty dollars per horse in checks and drove off with a dozen tired but wild and wooly horses.

"Let's see, twelve times one hundred and fifty. That's eighteen hundred dollars, and were ready for the next agent."



Beatrice Chapman.

Many blocks north of busy Market street lies a district visited only by those whom actual necessity takes there. 'Tis neither picturesque nor romantic, but we cannot say that it isn't pathetic. It is a district of warehouses, breweries and large stables, between whose high walls are crammed the hovels of the very poor.

It was a business matter that first brought me to this section and caused me to know Beatrice Chapman. The large insurance firm that employed me had bought out a smaller company and the amount of new policies which resulted from this transaction made additional work for the brokers. Among my lot was the name of Beatrice Chapman.

Approaching the street number designated, I saw a large three-storied frame building bearing the sign, "Harmony Hotel." Involuntarily glancing about, I saw that the entire block opposite was occupied by the stables of an immense draying concern. Then I understood how the "hotel" managed to exist.

The main entrance led into the combined office, bar, reading and lounging room. Upon entering, one was fairly dazzled by the unexpected appearance of the room. In direct contrast to all outside, the place fairly shone with cleanliness. Cheap though the furnishings were, they were scrupulously clean. Flowers blossomed in every window. Plain, neat pictures hung on the cleanly papered walls. The tables were heaped with papers and current magazines, neatly piled. A large black cat, that had been dozing contentedly in a square of sunshine on the floor, arose, and stretching as he walked slowly over to me, rubbed against my legs as though coaxing a petting. The high bar, with its background of mirrors and glasses, terminated in a desk, behind which was seated a young woman.

It is not usual to find a face strongly marked with intelligence and refinement, as well as beauty, in a teamsters' cheap lodging house. She was so absolutely different from what I expected to find that I was startled.

I was further surprised to hear a soft, clear voice say, "I am Mrs. Chapman. Is there anything that I can do for you?"

I stated my business and left, pondering deeply over what it could be that had brought this woman, who was plainly of a higher social class, into such surroundings.

This visit was but the beginning of a series, for a queer clerical mistake of the old company caused considerable trouble about the satisfactory arrangement of the policy. On one of these visits, I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Chapman's children, two of the drollest little characters I have ever known. Trixie, the eldest, was a bright little miss of six, and her brother, little Frankie, boasted of four years. They became great favorites of mine and I always took them some trifle when I visited their mother.

My knowledge of the family was limited to just these acquaintances, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that, rough though the teamsters were, they had a proper respect for Mrs. Chapman. The noticeable absence of profanity in the bar and the rapid manner in which a partly intoxicated man was ejected, showed this.

Some months later I entered the hotel to get my lunch. The boarders had all gone back to work and the dining-room was deserted. As I was eating, Mrs. Chapman seated herself across the table and conversed with me. I inquired about the children and was surprised to learn that both Trix and Frankie had been sent off to school. When the name of the finest boarding school in the state was

given me, my amazement must have shown in my face, for Mrs. Chapman remarked, "I suppose that that surprises you, but the children were growing to observe and learn so rapidly, and as I had no desire that they should form their ideas here, I sent them away.

"Mr. Howard, I know you often have wondered how I came to be here. You know I am a widow. Will Chapman used to be foreman of the draying company across the street. He had exclusive control over the men, the teams and the horses. After we were married, we came up here from Redlands, where my former home was. Will's one hundred and fifty dollars a month kept us very comfortably. Then the strike came. The company couldn't hire enough teamsters and Will volunteered to drive a dray. He had no trouble with the strikers, as he was known among them for his good treatment of his employees.

"The strike was pretty well broken and every day was expected to bring a settlement, and then Will could go back to his regular work. He had been hauling wire all morning to a big nail works and was driving slowly back toward town just at half past two in the afternoon. The school children were being dismissed from a large public primary school a block below and the street was crowded with noisy and excited children.

"People told me afterwards how Will had glanced back as the big four-horse dray came tearing down the street and had deliberately swung his team squarely in front of the runaways. They were going too fast to avoid it and the two teams collided. Poor Will never regained consciousness and died early the next morning."

She paused for a moment to recover herself.

"You can imagine how I was situated. All we had was a thousand dollars which

came from a fraternal society. The funeral expenses used up the biggest part of it and with the rest I bought the equipment of this lodging house. I figured that I could earn more by doing this than by doing office or clerical work, and besides I wanted to be with my children.

"I have managed very well, in fact, better than I expected. But the children must not be raised in these surroundings. They must have a different atmosphere, such as I had before Will was taken. That is the reason that I sent them away. When they are old enough to enter the higher schools, I shall have saved up enough to provide a comfortable home for them. Then I intend to retire from this business and begin living again."

She stopped and looked up at me. I knew that the brief narrative, told in such firm, crisp tones had omitted volumes of patient sufferings and anxiety. The admirable womanly courage to attempt such a struggle and the excellent business management of a woman forced to do a man's work, was a phase of life that won my sympathy. It was the fight of a mother to provide for her little ones.

Shortly after this I was sent away to take control of an agency in another part of the country. Six years later I returned, and immediately after my arrival, turned my footsteps toward the Harmony Hotel. The place had changed in appearance. The building had been painted a brilliant shade of turquoise and the sign had been altered and now read "Hamburg House." The windows had been stripped of their white curtains and bright flowers, and in their place, each was ornamented with a tall painted glass surrounded by a large "V." An elderly Teuton was smoking in the open doorway and a slovenly-dressed man was just leaving the bar carrying a tin pail.

Beatrice Chapman had retired from business and "begun living again."

Sketches.

We walked along the narrow wooden path and then aboard the small vessel. The deckhands provided us with heavy, sticky rubber suits, into which, after many endeavors, we succeeded in getting. Like a group of seals we then sat and told of adventures. It was as if the atmosphere was made for such conversation. But not much time was passed in this manner, for soon the "Queen of the Mist" was off with a bound up the river.

Before us the American Falls loomed, as it were, from sky to the bed of the river. It appeared like some wild element heedless of its course taking a wide leap to death. Further on up the stream was the Horseshoe Falls enveloped in one mass of interminable mist. Nearer and nearer we came to the first falls, until finally we were enveloped in the cold mist. From above the great massive volume of water came hurling down with a roar and on striking the bed of the river furnished that mist through which everything was seen in outline. It was as if we were in an unlighted cave surrounded by lions and snakes, and yet a certain fascinating and intoxicating effect was produced by the combination of hiss and roar, to make one inclined to forget circumstances and surroundings and linger to listen.

Soon we issued forth again into the broad sunlight, and like waking from a dream looked back on the mass of seething water and pointed crags wondering how strange it was that when enveloped in it one should have such sensations.

Like a young, trained greyhound finishing a race, the small lithe vessel pulled harder and still harder against the strong current. We were nearing the Horseshoe Falls, but were not destined to reach them, for, slowly but surely, the water became master of our vessel. Soon it was

at a full stop. The water chafed and chopped about us and then, of a sudden, the small boat was seized as if in the hands of a giant and turned completely around. With the combined force of current and engines it rushed down the river past the American Falls to our landing place.

W. I. GARMS, 1905.

I pulled the covers tight around my neck, for the patter of feet became more distinct. The door was opened and a clear ray of light fell diagonally across the room where it was reflected back to the ceiling, having struck the brass buttons on the military suit which was lying on the chair. A person clad in white, with long beard and deep sunken eyes, stared in at me. As he came towards me the rays of the candle fell across my face, making a silhouette on the wall behind me. I shut my eyes tight and my heart came up in my throat. I felt his warm breath beating against my face. His beard passed across my face and my muscles quivered. I heard a board creak and half opening my eyes, I saw him standing over the bed of my roommate, one hand on his chin mumbling to himself. He turned his head in disgust and walked noiselessly, with one hand outstretched toward the half-opened door. The knob turned in his hand and as the band of light grew smaller, it was again reflected on the ceiling and then vanished. I knew he was gone, for I could hear the patter of his feet until it died out in the distance. It was not until then that I could draw my breath easier. In a half-choked voice I whispered to my roommate:

"Lord! but that was close."

"Yes, but when the major climbed up that tree to our tree camp, I thought I was caught sure. I did not think of the rope

in the corner, but that was a bully idea to tie the rope to the branch and slide down."

"Say, isn't it a wonder that he didn't see that I was in bed with all my clothes on?"

"Good night."

With these words the two cadets dropped into dreamland to live over again a day of hard study and drill.

S. L. HYMAN, 1905.

Their master had finished feeding Bess and Ralph and after a few more parting pats, he left the stable. Ralph ate on, unconsciously listening to his mate munching the sweet hay. Presently he was conscious of an unusual stillness. He became curious, then uneasy, and finally gave way to his anxiety in a low whinny. In answer he heard a low moan from Bess' stall and then a dull heavy thud. Fears and doubts arose in Ralph's mind and he uneasily pounded the floor of the stall with his hoofs.

Ralph anxiously waited for their master, who never retired without visiting his pets. Presently the stable door opened and Ralph gave a quick whinny of combined inquiry and welcome. Instead of his usual patting, he saw his master rush toward the men's quarters. Soon a stableman entered and led him out into the meadow and tied him to one of the oaks. He saw the flash of the lanterns and heard the excited men working in the stable. After a time they left and all was still.

Ralph moved nervously about, jerking back on the halter rope. Finally, with a sudden pull, he freed himself and galloped toward the stable. The door was open and Ralph went in. There, in her stall, lay Bess, covered with blankets. He rubbed his nose softly against her, but she did not notice. Finally a heavy drowsiness came over him, sharp pains shot through his chest and his legs trembled. He sank to his knees, then rolled over, and with a low moan of mingled content and pain, he lay at the entrance to his Bess' stall.

W. I. GARMS, 1905.



Chinatown in the New Year.

Surely we have all visited it. Even for the most unappreciative, Chinatown must hold some attraction.

Following closely upon the heels of our immobile-faced guide, who now and then turns to see that we are all there, we bravely tread the weird little alleys and streets that form San Francisco's Chinatown. Bravely, I say, for are we not constantly on the alert for the fearsome high-binder, or some unknown terror? The obstreperous din of the tom-tom comes to us as we walk along Dupont Street, and wend our way through the crowds

of curious Orientals. Indeed, we often find three or four of these slipper-shod fellows following us, in all probability enjoying our wonder at the strange but genuine animation which pervades this section of the city at their New Year. How picturesque the great (for the most part) red and yellow lanterns look, as they sway gently to and fro, from every available place, the sputtering candle within throwing a mellow light on the pavement below.

Occasionally, we see some little olive-tinted face, with the delicately pen-

ciled eye-brows and reddened lips of the Chinese beauty, peeping over some flower-bedecked balcony. She, too, is enjoying herself. But we are not the only aliens whom the New Year has lured; for often do we pass other sightseers, most of whom are munching the palatable and unpalatable confections offered by the generous Chinamen.

Our guide by this time has reached a doorway, into which he goes, and we following, wind our way up a narrow stairway, sometimes stopping to let some almond-eyed person pass us, till we reach a door at the top, which admits us into one of the sacred joss houses. Here, unlike the gay streets, everything is oppressively quiet, and the subtle odor of sandalwood, burning in the copper vessel in the center of the room, is wafted to us. Immediately we are confronted by an obsequious Oriental in holiday garb, whose mission in life is to sell punks. One must get rid of him, so, after handing him twenty-five cents, and receiving a package of punks, we are free to survey the numerous gods and statues symbolical of the Chinese faith.

After duly listening to the somewhat tiresome explanations of our guide, and descending the same deep stairway, we once more find ourselves on the gayly-

thronged street. Then comes the bazaar, with all its distractingly beautiful bronzes, ivories, and oh! myriads of other pretty things, and the obliging figure behind the counter, bowing at our admiring exclamations, as we turn from one thing to another.

By this time the street has become literally packed, and the noise is deafening; for it is the last night of the New Year celebration, when one must crowd all the enjoyment one can into the few remaining hours.

How fascinating it all is!

Last, but not least, comes the restaurant. Ascending the lighted stairway, we enter a large, brilliantly artistic room, which is filled with people, seated about the little teakwood tables. Rugs are scattered on the floor, while great brass jardineres filled with brightly-tinted cherry blossoms, and numerous bowls of China lilies fill the air with their fragrant perfume. 'Tis needless to tell about the wonderful concoctions which were placed before us. Suffice it to say, that most of them were impossible.

Coming out upon the street again, we find everything strangely still; the revelers have become quiet; the New Year is here.



The Trials of a New Professor.

Bertha A. Williams, 1906.

The new mathematics professor was leisurely walking through the grounds of the college. It was his first day there, and he was trying to become acquainted with the surroundings. Presently, as he turned into a side path, the sound of voices came to his ears, and, on looking through a cluster of trees, he spied two of the college co-eds whom he recognized

as Seniors, talking in rather loud tones. One was tall and dark, with black, flashing eyes; the other, who appeared to be younger, was more fair, and smaller of build.

The smaller one was speaking. For a moment she stopped and assumed a dramatic pose, then continued: "No, no one is near, tell me your plan. I am at your

command! It must be *my* revenge as well as yours. Speak! and I will do as you order me."

"Well," answered the other, dramatically, "I will take you into my confidence, but you must be pledged to secrecy."

"Yes! Yes! I am getting impatient. Quickly—tell me."

The taller one drew up to her, and after looking first one way, then the other, she whispered, "As you know, the examinations are to take place on the fifteenth of May. No one knows of my hatred for Nell Arlington besides you, and"—she drew up more closely, "*she must not graduate this term*. Now, this is *your* part in it. You must go to M—— town on the fourteenth, and write out a telegram, sending it to Nell, stating that as her mother is seriously ill, she must return home *at once*. It will take her a week to go there, and a week to come back, and by that time the examinations will be completed." She turned around and exclaimed, "Ah! revenge is sweet!"

The new mathematics professor stood like one petrified. He was all confused. Who was this Nell Arlington? *He* had never heard of her before. Oh, well, he was new at the college, and this accounted for it. But—this deep-laid plot! He knew these two girls, and surely they could not even be suspected of such meanness. Oh! how could he do himself justice? How lucky it was that he should have caught them in time. Ah! he had a thought! He must run! aye, fly! to the office, and this "deep-laid plot" must be brought before the faculty. If I should say *five minutes*—that would be exag-

gerating the time it took "Mr. New Math. Prof." to reach the office.

Lucky man (so *he* thought). On reaching the office he found a number of the professors gathered together. When he regained breath enough to speak, he poured forth the story of the "deep-laid plot" and everything he had seen and heard.

These "profs" really could see a joke, so, from amidst their number one stood out and after merrily winking at the rest, replied gravely: "I am surprised, and also shocked to think that anything of this sort can be going on in *this* college. Steps will immediately be taken to have this explained. We shall proceed the first thing in the morning."

"The first thing in the morning," echoed the rest, as they sat there, as grave as parsons.

"Mr. Math. Prof." went to his rooms with a clear conscience, thanking his lucky stars that *he* had caught the culprits; that *he* should do so much for the college; *his* name would surely go down on the college books as "a great and grand hero." How good it was to feel that *he* would be the hero in the case.

"Mr. Math. Prof." slept soundly and awoke the next morning well satisfied with the world. He slowly dressed and started to breakfast. As he opened his door, his eyes met a sign on the wall opposite. It stated in large type that the Senior Farce would be held in the gymnasium that evening. At the head of the cast of characters he read, "Nell Arlington, heroine."

The new professor gasped.





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F. W. Bowley,
Frank I. Doane,
Edwin S. Jones,

Carroll Rochester,
R. E. Smith,
Roy McNeill,
George Acton.

C. S. M. A. Orchestra

Violins.

Donald W. Day, *Leader.*
F. M. Hohweisner.

Cornet.

W. A. Swesey.

Piano.

Leon Vanatta.

Flute.

E. J. Hund.

Drum.

Jesse Walton.

Camera Club

M. F. STRAUSS, *Pres.*

S. B. COOPER, *Sec.*

L. LICKEL, *Treas.*

D. W. Day,
W. Gill,
L. J. Gilbert,
B. S. Hirschfeld,
A. B. Hosmer,
W. Hund,

O. Meyerink,
L. Rosenstein,
H. P. Schindler,
E. Hund,
W. Alfs,
L. Morton,

A. Alsopp,
L. Wren,
L. Vanatta,
T. Wolfsohn,
A. Trittenbach,
H. E. Mikkelsen.



THE CAMERA CLUB.



ATHLETICS



LICK VS. LOS ANGELES.



A Year's Record.

The athletic record for the past year is one to be proud of. It is a record that no other high school in the Academic Athletic League has ever made.

There are six academic sports—football, track, baseball, swimming, tennis and basket-ball. Last winter we won the championships in football and track, and secured second place in the sub-league in basket-ball. This spring we won the swimming championship, the baseball championship and got second in tennis.

There were five opportunities for the high schools of the A. A. L. to win trophy cups this year. Lick has all five of them, the Hearst Football Trophy, the

Academic Baseball Trophy, the S. F. A. L. Cup, the B. C. L. Cup and the Y. M. C. A. Relay Cup. The three last named are all track trophies.

In addition to this, we have added Academic records in track and swimming. These records go down on file as official ones, but we possess an unwritten record in all branches of sport far more valuable, a record for true sportsmanlike conduct and for good "clean" athletics.

That all succeeding Senior Classes may look back at the time of their graduation on a year of athletic experiences equally as successful is the wish of the Class of 1905.



BILL MAIN,
Captain-Elect.

HENRY SNELL,
Manager.

MARIUS HOTCHKISS,
Captain.

WM. HENDERSON,
Mgr.-Elect.

Baseball.

The most important game of the sub-league was the defeat of Lowell in an eleven inning game by a score of 4 to 3.



"BRICK" WHITE.

It was the best exhibition of academic baseball ever witnessed in San Francisco. It was nip and tuck right to the finish, but

the excellent pitching of Captain White and the strong fielding and batting of his "merry men" were too much for Lowell. "Sarah" Hall put up a wonderful exhibition of catching, in addition to hitting a three-bagger and sending out the hit that scored the winning run.

Wilmerding was shut out to the tune of 11 to 0.

The game with Mission, which decided the tie which occurred two weeks before, resulted in Lick's favor. The score was 8 to 3, White sending fifteen to the bench by the strike-out route.

In the finals of the sub-league, Lick defeated Polytechnic by the comfortable score of 9 to 3. White and Hall were the whole show, together with the vaudeville stunts of Hotchkiss and Barieau. Incidentally, Acton caught a fly.



"SARAH" HALL.



(Hirschfeld Photo.)

BOYD,	HOTCHKISS,	SNELL,	ROGERS,	BLEUCHER,	ACTON,
MILLER,	HALL,	WHITE,	HEITMULLER,	BARIEAU,	DEARIN.

Lick journeyed to Napa (temporarily) for the purpose of winning the semi-finals. The score was 7 to 4, with Lick on the long end. White struck out eleven men. The team certainly did bat, as only one Lick man struck out in the whole game.

Alameda High were our opponents for the championship. White pitched the

game of his life, sending ten men to the bench. He held Alameda down to three hits, while Lick hammered Mailotte's curves eleven times. Only two Lick men struck out. This ended the season with the cup in Lick's possession, a fitting ending of the most prosperous year in Lick School athletics.





THE TRACK TEAM

(Strauss Photo.)



MAYES

MOULLEN,
Track Captain.

MEL,
Track Manager.

DODSON

HEITMULLER,
Captain-Elect.

Track.

The Academic Field Day, held at the Berkeley Oval on April 8th, was by far the most successful in the history of the league. At no previous time have there been so many strong teams striving to win the championship.

Lick had won the S. F. A. L. and the B. C. L. and were conceded the A. A. L. by a few points. However, the Fates were against Lick. At the very close of the day, a failure to touch in the relay disqualified the team. This subtracted six points from Lick's score and added four to Oakland's.

In spite of the unfortunate accident that lost the day for us, we can well be proud of our team.

Moullen, Dodson and Mayes were the point-winners, making 11, 5 and 3 points, respectively. Captain Moullen's best work was in the pole vault, where he broke the interscholastic record by vaulting 11 feet, 1 1-5 inches. Besides winning the pole vault, he won the hammer throw and secured third place in the shot put.

Dodson fittingly ended his high school track experience by breaking the half-

mile record, making the new time for this race 2:04 1-5. Dodson now holds the records for the half-mile in all three leagues, and in addition, holds the record for the quarter in the S. F. A. L.

Mayes ran beautifully in the mile, running a close second to Maundrel of Lowell, who lowered the record.

O'Connor and Heitmuller showed the effects of their recent illness, or the 220-yard dash would have resulted more in Lick's favor. Heitmuller is the captain of next year's team.

Miller, Ernest Thompson, Doane and Tommy Thompson all ran well in their races.

The order of the relay was as follows: First, Miller; second, Mel; third, O'Connor; fourth, Garms; fifth, Johns; sixth, Dodson. Lick lost at least fifteen feet in the fourth lap by the carelessness of an official, who dropped a hurdle directly in front of Garms. However, the second place which we secured did not net us any points.

Final score—Oakland 25, Berkeley 21, Lick 19.

Freshman Field Day.

It was a Lick Freshman who conceived the idea of forming a Bay Counties Freshman League. It was the Lick team which walked off with the championship with one point to the good.

Bromley, Vail, Butler, Miller, Thomp-

son, Padilla, Potts and Crabtree were the point-winners.

Those deserving special mention are Miller and Padilla. Miller won the hundred and Padilla ran a very gritty mile.

School Records.

EVENT	RECORD	HOLDER	TIME AND PLACE
50 yard dash05 4-5	Cope	B. C. L., March, 1904
100 yard dash10	Cope	Santa Fe Games, March, 1904
220 yard dash24	Beck	A. A. L., April, 1904
440 yard dash53 3-4	Dodson	S. F. A. L., Sept., 1903
880 yard run	2.04 1-5	Dodson	A. L. L., April, 1905
1 mile run	4.41	Mayes	B. C. L., March, 1905
2 mile run	10.48 3-5	Thompson	B. C. L., March, 1905
120 yard hurdles19 2-5	Johns	S. F. A. L., April, 1905
220 yard hurdles27 3-5	Golcher	B. C. L., March, 1904
1 mile relay	3.20 4-5	<div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> <div style="font-size: 3em; margin-right: 10px;">}</div> <div> Cope, Beck, Johns, Jones, O'Connor, Dodson, </div> <div style="font-size: 3em; margin-left: 10px;">{</div> <div> A. A. L., April, 1904 </div> </div>	
Pole Vault	11 ft., 11-5 in.	Moullen	A. A. L., April, 1905
High Jump	5 ft., 9 3-4 in.	Magerstadt	A. A. L., April, 1904
Broad Jump	21 ft., 2 in.	Magerstadt	S. F. A. L., April, 1904
12 lb. Shot	44 ft., 5 1-2 in.	Moullen	B. C. L., March, 1905
12 lb. Hammer	161 ft., 9 in.	Moullen	A. A. L., April, 1905

The Pole Vault and Mile Relay are U. S. Interscholastic records. The 100 yard is the Pacific Coast record.

School Swimming Records.

RACE.	TIME.	HOLDER.	DATE.
100 yards	* 1.09	George Bromley	1905
220 yards	* 3.08 1-5	George Bromley	1905
440 yards	7.15	John Walker	1902
880 yards	* 15.	Ernst Kopke	1902

* *Academic Records.*



BROMLEY

DAY

THOMPSON



HOTCHKISS AND GABRIEL

Tennis.

The doubles tournament was played on April 15th and the singles on the 29th. Marius Hotchkiss and Harold Gabriel represented us in both matches.

Lowell defeated us in the finals of the doubles after one of the hardest fought battles in the history of the A. A. L. It took the full five sets to decide the match.

In the singles there were two separate tournaments. Hotchkiss won one of these, and Gabriel would probably have won the other but was disabled by a sprained ankle. As it was, he had a good lead on Long of Lowell in the final match when the accident occurred.



THE BASKET-BALL TEAM.

(Strauss Photo.)



GIRLS' BASKET-BALL TEAM.

Girls' Basket-Ball.

The girls' basket-ball team has completed a very successful season. Although the team played only a few games, still the girls got considerable good training and lots of enjoyment out of it. The prospects for next year's team are very bright, only one player graduating. A renewed interest has arisen among the girls and next year promises great things for basket ball.

The team took a trip to Vacaville and played the high school girls there. Although defeated in the game, a most pleasant trip was enjoyed. The Vacaville girls were the best of entertainers and treated our girls royally. A "feed" and a bus ride were part of the program.

Alameda won in the game with Lick team. The game was played on the Lick grounds and was witnessed by a large crowd.

Lick defeated Cogswell by a score of 13-2. A number of practice games between these teams were also played.

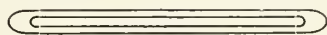
Miss Caubu, the captain, is without doubt the star player of the team, being especially skillful at goal-throwing.

The team lined up as follows:

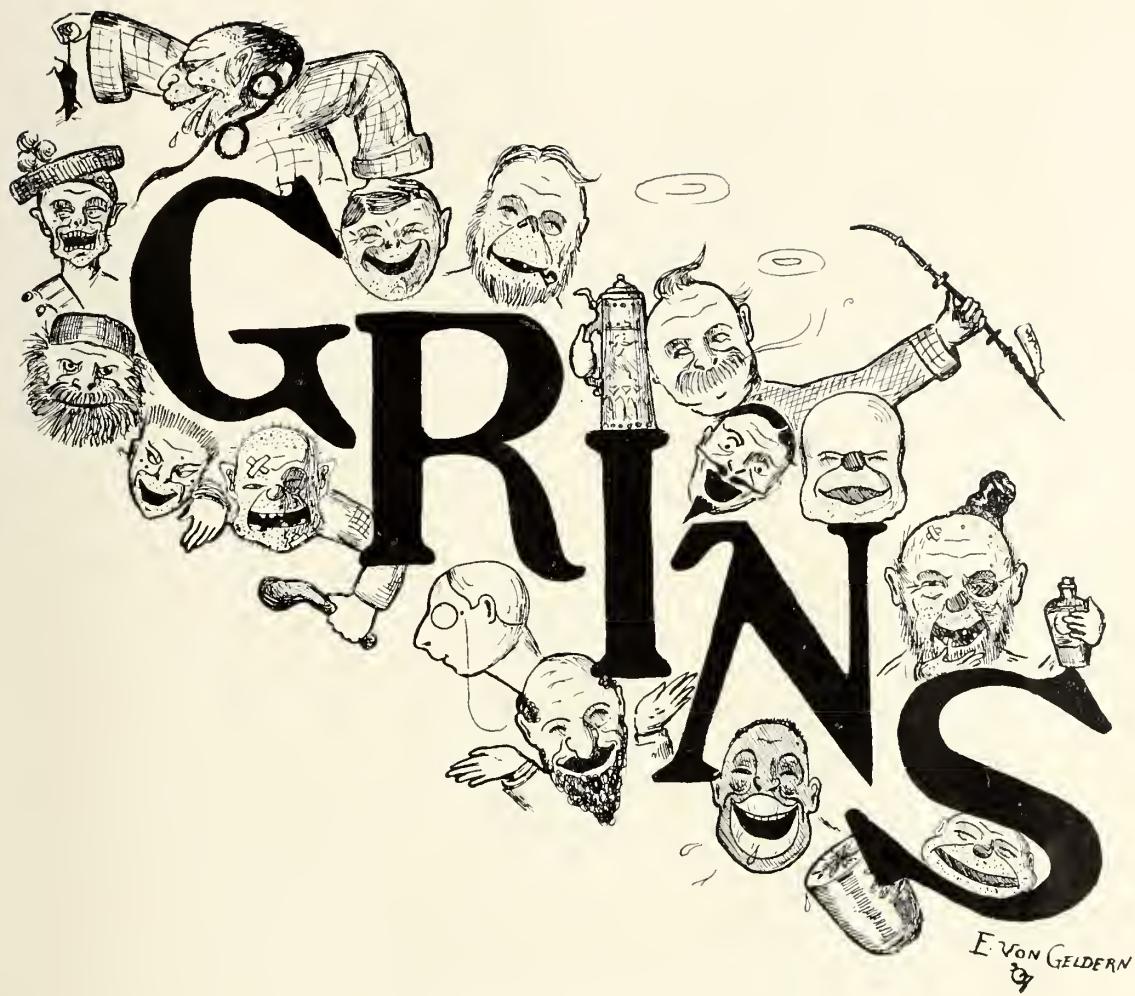
Forwards—Miss Caubu, Houston, Knell.

Centers—Misses Jacobs, Lyons, McKeon.

Guards—Misses Winchell, Roos, Girot.







Fairy Tales and Myths.

I

There really was once an instructor at Lick
Though his present address is not known,
Who would mark G——E though you flunked in an ex
And not keep in when the whistle has blown,
But he went away from us, ah! long, long ago,
And as far as this school is concerned,
We may dry up our tears and cease to lament,
For he has not and will not return.

He never returned, he never returned,
And we know that he surely has earned
A mighty soft place in the Heavenly grace,
But alas! he will never return.

II

They say that there once was a boy in our school,
(You know that he isn't there yet)
Who would actually eat all the Cooking Class made,
And was thankful for all he could get;
But it also is said that he died very young,
As the good always do, you have learned,
And donning his wings, went right up to Heaven,
And he never, no never, returned.

He never returned, he never returned,
For his like has the Cooking Class yearned;
Though the splash of their tears must have come to his ears,
Not even his double returned.

A Chemical Romance.

Said Atom unto Molly Cule,
"Will you unite with me?"
And Molly Cule did quick retort,
"There's no affinity."
Beneath electric light plant's shade,
Poor Atom hoped to metre;
But she eloped with a rascal base,
And now she is saltpetre.

Soliloquoy.

Oft in the stilly night
Have I held that little hand,
And felt my body thrilling
With emotion sweet and grand;
Have looked with eager yearning
On my silent partner's blush,
And staked my every dollar on
That old time bob-tail flush.

Senior Extravaganza.

Given by the Class of '05 in the Assembly Hall.

I. Grand Entree (this entree should be a roast, so Miss Southwick will address the Senior Class).

II. Duet—"We Want to Be the Leading Ladies."—*Miss Winchell and Miss Harris.*

III. "Little Stories of My Boyhood Days."—*Shorty Hoxson.*

IV. "We Sing Because People Love to Hear Us Sing."—*Glee Club.*

V. Informal Talk on "How We Beat Lowell."—*Brick White.*

Intermission in which Blink Snell will endeavor to sell baseball tickets.

VI. Duet—"Please Go Way and Let Us Talk German."—*Hyman and Snell.*

VII. Selections from Florodora.

1. "I Want to Be a Military Man."—*Ike Doane.*
2. Sextet—"It's Nice to Be a Girl Sometimes."—*Piuk, Skin, Scemie, Dick, Lizzie, Burr.*
3. (Thumb) "Tack"—by *Mr. Drewe's Apprentices.*

VIII. Grand Finale—by *Class.*
"All's Well That Ends Well."

President De Wolf, of the Debating Society—"The meeting will please come to order!"

Barieau (advancing)—"I'll have a celery phosphate for mine."

The Student
About
The Campus
Was wont
A care-worn, bookish look to wear,
German,
Math,
All this he had to bear,
History,
Science,
Work seemed to penetrate the air.
But now,
The year
At last is nineteen hundred five,
And he
A Senior,
On work does no longer thrive,
But all
To make
Our school
A scientific, bluffing institute
Do strive.

That Diploma.

All things come to him who waits, and has a sound constitution, a suitable preparation, good natural capacity, industrious habits, perseverance, an obedient and orderly disposition, a correct moral deportment and who studies fourteen hours a day.

"You're a brick," I did aver
To Mildred by my side,
"A pressed brick, as it were,"
Was all that she replied.

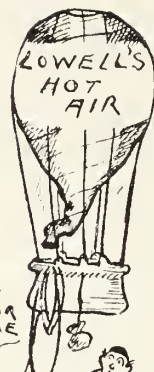
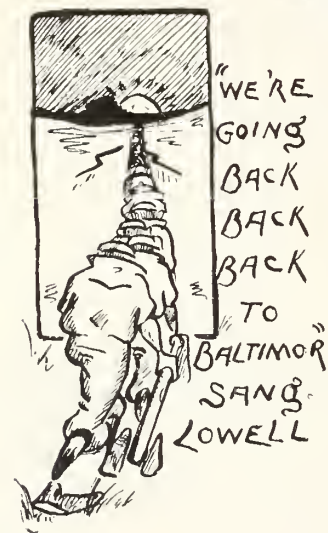
"How did the convict escape from the bloodhounds?"

"He wore rubbers and so erased his tracks."





SMILING
"BRICK"
WHITE



THE
BOYS
REFUSED
TO
GO
UP IN
THE
AIR



HALL
WAS THERE
WITH THE
BIG
STICK





AND LOWELL SERPENTINED.

THANATOPSIS.

A Hungry Edition.

To him who in the street-car goes to
school,
Communing with the visible signs, there
comes
A various knowledge. For his gayer
hours,
He finds a Victor graphophone, and a
record
Full of melody. And he learns
Of breakfast foods, Force, Malta Vitae.
In gaudy packages that steal away
Their badness 'ere he is aware. When
thoughts
Of the dread sameness of that cereal diet
come,
He reads of Armour's sausage
And again, of Nabisco wafers in in-er-
seal.

So read, that when the time comes to
partake
Of innumerable viands at Dettling's
spread,
Go thou not like the ignorant to buy
Pie, cake and soda-pop galore, but be
sustained and soothed by Force.

First Senior—"Have you heard of the
terrible case of kidnaping?"

Second Senior—"No, what?"

First Senior—"Why, Pink Carr went
to sleep in History."

Modern History.

Then Merrill arose in his might and
exclaimed, "By (Mc) George, we Otto
stop this custom of rough-house, Hewitt
down, and destroy it." But a Senior will
always defy authority, and despite hoots,
jeers and cries of "Don't Burn the Bridg-
man!" he proceeded to take the universe
to pieces, for Seniors like all Menzel all
things for liberty. But he was punished
by being cut in Tibbetts. Here the South-
wick of the lamp of genius burned out,
and we Drew the history to a close; but
Mathis moral be derived, that Professor
Merrill will have obedience and he doesn't
give Adam at what Coste.

What High School Means.

Aspiration,
Anticipation,
Expectation,
Realization,
Mystification,
Hard occupation,
Conditionalization,
Exasperation,
Short vacation,
Examination,
Passification,
Gratification,
Four years' duration,
Of this vocation,
At last, salvation,
In sweet graduation.

From the Shops.

Mr. Hewitt (explaining about the Portland exhibit)—“You see, each machine will have a card on it stating that the PATTERNS, CASTINGS, *drawings* and machine work were all done at the school.”

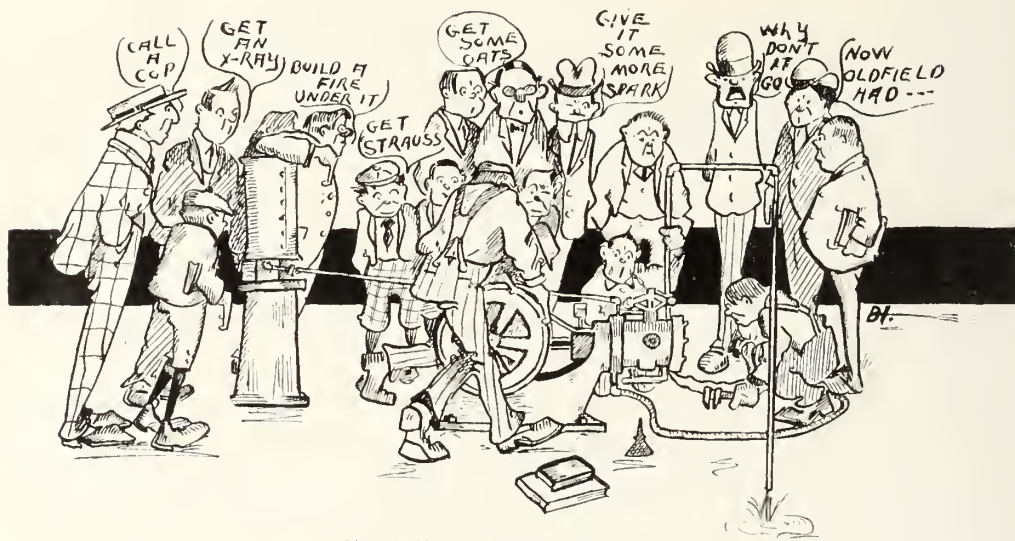
The foundry crane, otherwise known as “Capa City,” has redeemed itself. It ran long enough to have its picture taken without breaking down.

Mr. Mathis—“During Commencement

Week the machinery will be running and you machinists will have to finish up all these odd jobs.”

Course 4 Chorus—“Guess again! During the last week we are going to put on our glad rags and *wash our faces*, and then we'll show Course 11 a thing or two.”

If belt-lacing didn't make good suspender buttons, some of the shop boys would have to keep their hands in their pockets to hold their clothes on.



AND IT'S NAME WAS MAUD.

The Randallic Theory.

Time—afternoon.

Scene—Color Room.

Exit Randall, who adjusts mirror to reflect sunlight into room.

Enter Randall twenty minutes later.

Intermission of three minutes.

Randall—“Miss Menzel, may I go out and change the mirror? The sun has moved.”

Senior's Prayer.

“Well, they haven't gotten on to me in the last four years; I hope I can work it through the next four.”

Rosenstein—“Are our bodies in a solid state?”

Mr. Tibbetts—“Well, my boy, I should judge that yours is mostly in a gaseous state.”

X

First Student (in lab.)—"Is this solution acid or alkaline?"

Second Student—"Do you take me for a piece of litmus paper?"

Senior Philosophy—"Don't work late at night, remember it is easier to bluff than to get up the next morning."

Hyman—"I want something for my head."

Doctor—"I wouldn't take it for a gift."

Student I.—"I am thinking of writing a story which is centered about the Lick School."

Student II. (gazing over the crematory tower)—"Well, it ought to have a good *strong* plot."

Senior—"When I graduate, I'm going to follow my literary instincts and write for money."

His Father—"Well, my boy, you should succeed. That's about all you did in your four years at college."

A Senior, thinking of class dues, assessments, athletic dues, and disbursements for a hundred other things, communed thusly with himself:

"Money talks,
So I've hear tell,
But to me it
Only says, 'Farewell'!"

Duke Draper says he never reads the Woman's Corner in the Sunday papers because he is a good deal of a woman scerner himself.

The Glee Club were practicing in the Color Room.

Arnold—"How do you like this refrain, Miss Otto?"

Miss Otto (with a sigh)—"Well, the more you refrain, the better I like it."



THEM.

Randall's Trousers.

Have you seen them, have you met them,
If so, you'll ne'er forget them,
'They are Randall's trousers which he daily wears at Lick;
'They're embroidered with his family crest,
Of corduroys they are the best,
And Randall says he likes them for they look so nice and chic;
There are no flies on Randall
But his trousers—'tis a scandal,
'They were cut for some big fat man, four hundred pounds or more;
For a long time we have brooded
On this question and concluded
That we really had seen such things at circuses before.



A Lick boy went to a masquerade at Hopkins' Institute of Art. He was so funny.

He said, "I'd like to have dressed like a paint tube."

She said, "What for?"

He said, "Then all the girls would have squeezed me."

Rosenstein in Seminar.

Tread lightly, nor his slumber break,

An orator rests quiet here;

But should he, roused, a motion make,

Supporting it, he'll talk a year.

Webster Revised.

(High School Edition.)

Flunk: A temporary paralysis of the vocal chords, due to vacuum in the cerebral cavity. Derivative, flunkey, one who flunks.

Cut: (from v. cut, "to run, to cut sticks,") unavoidable absence, due to fatal accident, death, or irreparable illness.

Ex: The unknown, the great problem being to eliminate it,

Freshman (at rally)—"Who's that fellow who just finished speaking?"

Soph—"Why, that's 'our Thompson'."

Fresh—"I'll bet he comes from Stockton."

Soph—"What makes you think so?"

Fresh—"Well, his speech was so floury, you know."

A dispatch from Russia came one day.

It said, "The Czar is dead;

Send over Brick White right away.

We need him for our head."

Strength of Materials.

Mr. Tibbetts—"Glackin, what is your solution of the problem?"

Glackin—"Let X represent the—"

Mr. Tibbetts—"But X has already been used to represent—"

Glackin—"Oh, well, any unknown quantity—"

Mr. Tibbetts—"U, for example."

Class smiles (audibly). Glackin blushes (visibly).

"I hope you'll be able to come again soon," said the hostess as Rogers was leaving. "I hope tho, too," thaid 'Thuthie. "I hope I'll be able to entertain you better then," she continued politely. "I hope tho, too," he began.

Fair Co-ed—"Oh! Mr. Park! may I speak to you a moment?"

Joseph (a Senior)—"Pardon me, my name is Hill."

Co-ed (in confusion)—"Oh dear, I'm always getting the topography of the country mixed up!"

Bassett (Treasurer of Senior Class, on not being able to account for a missing nickel)—"There now, isn't that too provoking! Oh, dear, I know just how Mr. Lawson feels when he is excited over Frenzied Finance!"

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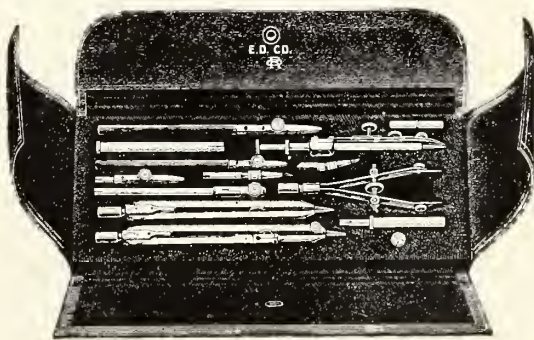
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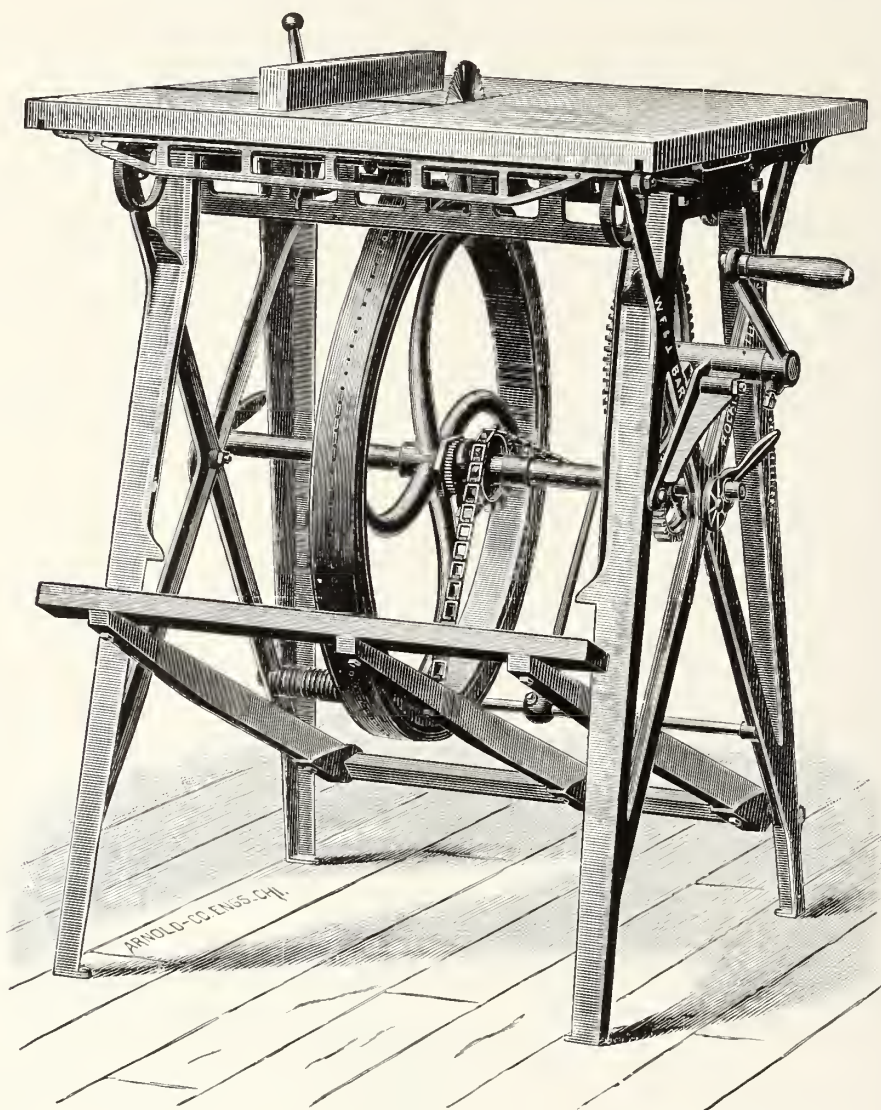


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In addition to the above machine, we carry a large line of wood and metal working tools, including Lathes (both foot and steam power) Upright Drills, Emery Tool Grinders, etc., and shall be pleased to mail catalogue describing same upon application.

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Hotel Rafael supplies all forms of indoor and outdoor amusements. With winding drives, lined with roses and shrubbery, through twenty-acre park, valley, mountain and bay views in the distance, the Hotel Rafael is the home for comfort and pleasure, and the resort of the wealth and fashion of the Golden State.

The Only Way.

"Say, Johns," said Mel, in a confidential manner one day last December, "can you lend me twenty cents?"

Now, as we all know, Johns is of an obliging disposition, so he hunted up one of his friends and borrowed it for Mel.

The next day Mel appeared, "Say, Johns," he said, "here's that track picture you ordered."

One On Blink.

Mel found a Key Route check. It was the same size and color as a "Tiger" ticket. He placed it beneath a regular ticket and approached Snell, our financier.

"Snell," he said, "want to buy a 'Tiger' ticket? I'll give you a reduction." Snell produced the coin and Mel passed out the Key Route check bottom side up.

Snell was satisfied. Since then they have bought him a nurse.



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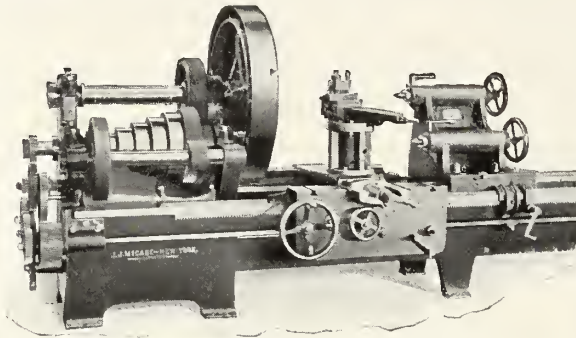
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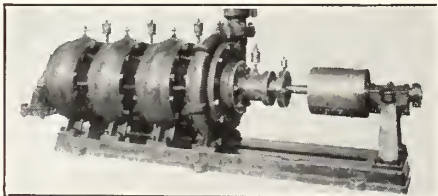
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
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Open Evenings

Freshie Girl (pointing to Irving)—
“Who is that sweet, pretty, bashful boy?”
Senior—“Huh!”——

“What is your life-work, fairest maid?”
“Collecting souvenirs through every
decade.”

“May I be one, fairest maid?”
“My fad is not spoons,” was all she
said.

Thompson (earnestly)—“Fellows, I
am a man of few words.”

So saying, the orator mournfully de-
stroyed fifty-three pages of the rally
speech which he hadn’t had time to finish.

A disturbance was raised in Senior
English and Miss Southwick immediately
turned to Stone.

McNeill—“Say, Slim, why do you
turn your trousers up at the bottom?”

Jones—“Why—er—you see, this is my
long suit.”

Dodson is so much exercised over his
Spanish accent that he practices pronun-
ciation of the weak vowels all day and
of the s’norous ones all night.

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Miss Adams (lecturing the Senior Class)—“There should be less levity in this class, you are in your last year at Lick, next year you will be University students and if you are not men now you never will be.”

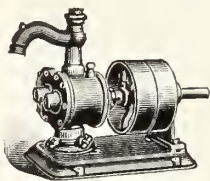
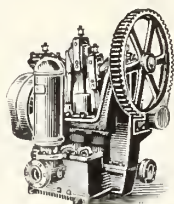
Miss Harris (whispering to Miss Winchell)—“Well, Adele, I guess there’s no hope for us.”

Our gallant football captain stands
All dressed in minister’s array,
Prospective brides and grooms come up
the aisle,

“Oh, Marius, Hotchkiss,” they say.

Glacken (quoting Dutch)—“Der blinde Schimmel sah das Seil—.”

Translation—“The old blind horse saw the rope.”



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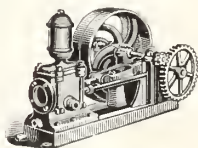
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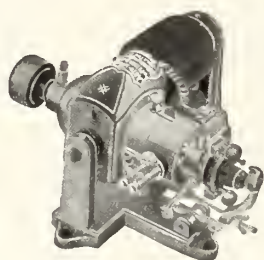
Mike Liebold (knocking)—“Say, Johns, the Jokes in the last Tiger were bum.”

Johns—“Well, why don't you improve your opportunities and write some good ones? You're one of the originator's apprentices.”

“This is a stinking trick,” said Chic, as he poured a bottle of witch hazel down Pink's back:

A policeman saw Klein, '07, in a track suit and wanted to arrest him for having no visible means of support.

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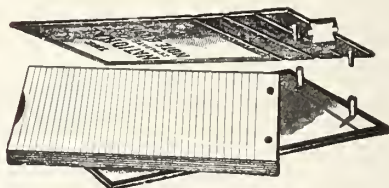
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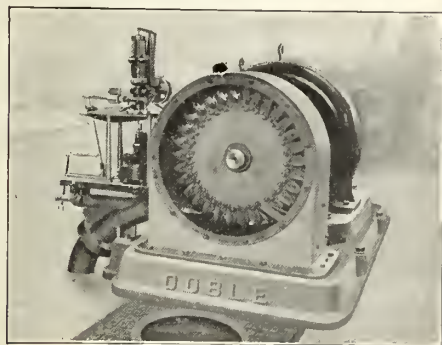
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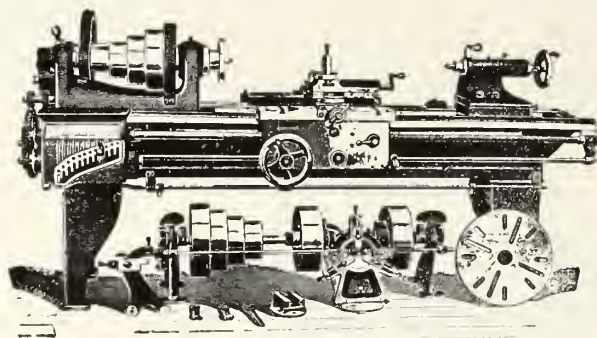
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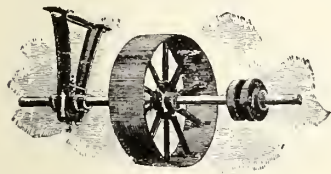
In the History Room the "Winged Victory" stands,

And of her it has truthfully been said,
That when once they held a rally in the hall,

She was so excited that she lost her head.

Johns (with letter in hand, in disgust)
—"Now how can I mail this 'Tiger.'
The poor fool didn't send me his address."

Davie Walker (brilliantly)—"Well,
why don't you write him to send it to you?"



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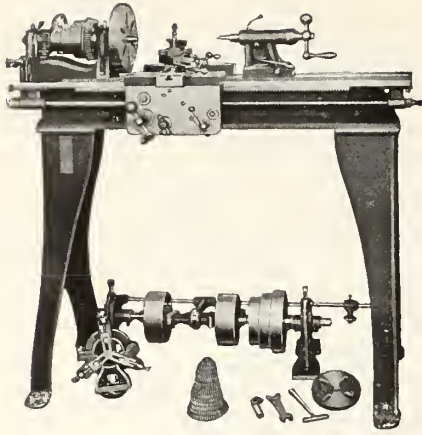
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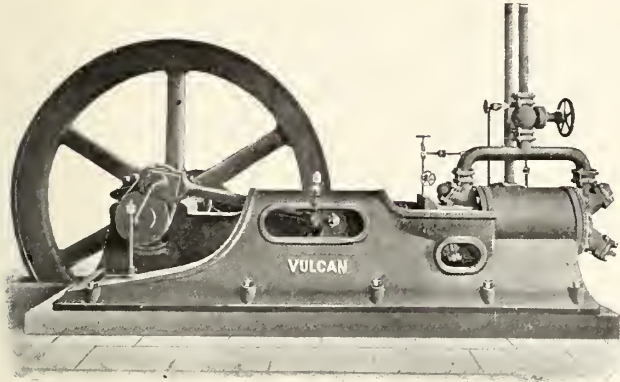
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Mr. M.—"Why—er—"

Student—"Oh, I just want to draw a circle with it."

And in the excitement Mr. McGeorge passed out a half and two quarters.

Ike Doane (fatherly to small boy)—"Did you ever ride on those donkeys out at the Park?"

Small Boy—"What, those donkeys with the wagon behind?"

Ike—"Why, those donkeys with wag-gings behind are dogs."

Death of Small Boy. It was so successful that Ike tried it again.

Ike (to Small Boy II.)—"Did you ever ride on those donkeys out at the Park?"

Small Boy II.—"Say, you know, I thought I'd seen you before."

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A strut—Joe Hill slowly advancing to the front of the room to deposit some wornout gum in the waste basket.

She—"Why, my mother has kept us waiting for fifteen minutes."

He (angrily)—"Hours, you mean!"

She—"Ours? Oh, Charley this is so sudden."

"And, for to shew the classe that he were in

He hadde of gold ywrought a full curious pin,

But now, alack, that pin hath goon away,
In G. H. S. doth bide unto this daye."

—Chaucer

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Senior I. (gazing into the mineral
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Senior II. (after looking at specimen
about the size of a brick)—“Why, that’s
a diamond.”

She—“I wonder why so few marriages
result from friendships formed at Lick.”

He (who didn’t get his “recs”)—“I
suppose it’s because marriages are made
in Heaven.”

Some people say that Gibraltar is im-
pregnable, but in our opinion it is noth-
ing but a great big bluff.

The pedestrian nimbly dodged the
charging automobiles as he crossed Mar-
ket street.

“You are very shifty on your feet,” re-
marked a passer-by.

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“you ought to see me in the batting cage
out at Lick School when Brick White is
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First Senior (leaning over a desk)—
“Gee, your stress diagram is coming
along swell.”

Second Senior (suspiciously)—“Say,
what the dickens do you want to swipe?”

Miss Adams—“Yes, that is right, but
you have left out a point. What did the
Colonists discard?”

Student—“They discarded their kings
and queens, ma’am.”

Keen Comprehension.

The shadows of night are falling fast

And evening comes apace,

And in my in’ard in’ardness,

An unrest takes its place,

I wonder.

I sit me down to ruminate,

On the degeneracy of our race,

When from the hazy distance dim,

Conviction lights my face,

’Tis Hunger.

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12:00	12:20	12:40	1:00	1:20	1:40	2:00	2:20	2:40	3:00	3:20	3:40	4:00	4:20	4:40	5:00	5:20	5:40
6:00	6:20	6:40	7:00	7:45	8:30	9:30	10:30	11:30	P. M.	12:30	A. M.						

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11:40	A. M.	12:00	12:20	12:40	1:00	1:20	1:40	2:00	2:20	2:40	3:00	3:20	3:40	4:00	4:20	4:40
5:00	5:20	5:40	6:00	6:20	6:40	6:55	7:00	7:40	8:25	9:25	10:25	11:25	P. M.			

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11:42	A. M.	12:02	12:22	12:42	1:02	1:22	1:42	2:02	2:22	2:42	3:02	3:22	3:42	4:02	4:22	4:42
5:02	5:22	5:42	6:02	6:22	6:42	6:56	7:02	7:42	8:27	9:27	10:27	11:27	P. M.			

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*5:53	*6:28	*6:48	7:08	*7:28	*7:48	8:08	*8:28	*8:48	9:08	9:28	9:48	10:08	10:28	10:48	11:08	11:28
11:48	A. M.	12:08	12:28	12:48	1:08	1:28	1:48	2:08	2:28	2:48	3:08	3:28	3:48	4:08	4:28	4:48
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‡Daily except Saturday and Sunday.

Trains to and from Berkeley do not stop at San Pablo Avenue Station.

Trains leaving Berkeley Station at 7 and 9 A. M. and at 4 and 7:40 P. M., stop at San Pablo Avenue Station connecting with east bound Santa Fe trains.

Oakland Traction Consolidated Cars leave Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland, at same time as Ferry trains leave Berkeley connecting with train at San Pablo Avenue Station for San Francisco.

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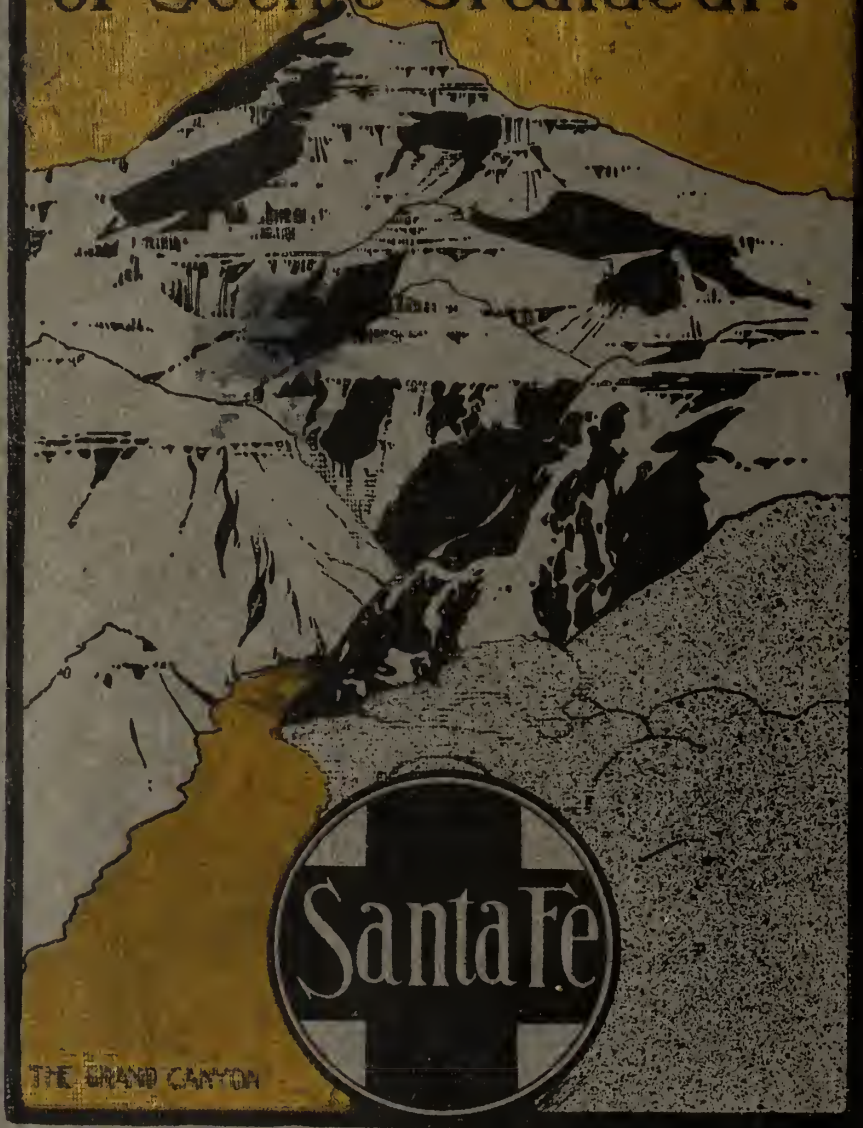
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